



# THE COMMONWEALTH.

## HOME COMFORTS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband arose from the supper-table, and took his hat.

"I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where?"

"What odds does it make, Emma? I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said, in a kind but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George. I know nothing about you when you are away."

"Pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment, but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy.—O—if you would stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Ah—I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shade of the head. "You would have me here every evening."

"Well—can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George, with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember—one of our plans was to make a home."

"And haven't we got one Emma?"

"We have a place in which to live," answered the wife somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George. "And he added, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Ay—I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "But you must remember that we both need relaxations from labor; we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what season have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home evenings, as well as in the day time and in the night?"

"Well—isn't it?" asked George.

"How can it be if you are not here? What makes a home for children, if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And—what real home comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You do not realize how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying."

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her rocking-chair, and gazed up at the clock.

"You came home early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half smiling and half tearful, she answered:

"I will confess the truth, George: I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening; but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this."

"Say so," cried George, moving his seat to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands.

"Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening, I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down by Uncle John's, and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached."

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm—

"Yes, I would," said George at a venture. "Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend them among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will; and I assure you I shall not be lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought of harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and sleep as long as he could pay for it. In short he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house; of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her but she had never ventured upon any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and "keep house."

"What will you do while I am gone?" Emma asked.

"O—I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well. I shall be back in good season."

The wife went out, and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and refer frequently to the book.

Counsel—Did you decapitate him?

Witness—Undoubtedly I did—that was a matter of course.

Counsel did you perform the *Cæsarean* operation upon him?

Witness—Why, of course; his condition required it, and it was attended with great success.

Counsel—Did you now, doctor, subject his person to autopsy?

Witness—certainly: that was the last remedy I adopted.

Counsel—Well, then, doctor, as you first cut off the defendant's head, then dissected him, and he still survives it, I have no more to ask; and if your claim will survive it, quackery deserves to be immortal.

"Well, George—I am back in good season—How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Capitally," returned the husband. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope we have had a good time."

"O—splendid. I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all. Isn't it?"

"Why no—I can't say that it is," returned George. "I rather like it."

"I'm glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice, comfortable week of it."

George winced some at this, but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go away again.

"I shall be back in good season," she said.

"Where are you going?" her husband asked. "O—I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it hard work. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair, and the thought would come, "How pleasant it would be if she were here." The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late!"

But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At fifteen minutes of ten Emma came:

"A little late, ain't it?" she said, looking up at the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends, and we made a time of it. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First rate," returned George, bravely. "I think Home is a great place."

"Especially when one can have it all to himself," added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate over herself.

"And do you think of going?" George asked in an undertone.

"I may drop in to see Uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy. You'll know I'm safe."

"O—certainly."

When the husband was left to his own reflections, he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read—he could not play—he could not enjoy himself in any way, while THAT CHAIR was empty. So short, he found Home had no real comfort without his wife. The ONE THING needed to make his Home cheerful was not present.

"The stranger's business, however, detained him longer than he expected, and it was the next summer before he came back. Riding up late in the evening, he saw his horse to an old negro who was the porters, and late in the night were their orgies kept up here they made bed-time, the landlord and his Virginia guest, who had initiated him into the pleasant mysteries, of mint juice, were sworn brothers, and when the latter departed the next morning Boniface exacted a pledge that he would stop on his return, and stay as long as he pleased, free of cost.

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"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that he feels as I do, when she is here all alone? It must be so," he pursued, thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Before we were married, she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and combed with himself:

"I can't stand this. I should die in a week. If Emma were only here, I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is. And only eight o'clock. I declare—I've a mind to walk down by Uncle John's, and see if she is there. It would be a relief to see her face. I won't go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the sidewalk, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said, in surprise, "is this you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And do you not pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word, and even now I have not been sent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her rocking-chair, and gazed up at the clock.

"You came home early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half smiling and half tearful, she answered:

"I will confess the truth, George: I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening; but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this."

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## Not an Uncommon Case.

A traveler from Virginia, as his bloodied horse piebald saddle bags, and haughty insolence indicated, stopped at a comfortable wayside inn in Kentucky, one night, many years ago. The landlord was a jovial, whole-souled fellow, as landlords were in those days and gave the stranger the best entertainments his table and bar would afford, as well as his own merry company to make him glad. Early in the morning the stranger was up and looking around, when he espied a rich bed of mint in the garden. He straightway sought Boniface, and indignant at what he supposed his inhospitality in setting plain whisky before him, when the means of brewing neetar were so easy of access, he dragged him forth to the spot, and pointing with his finger at the mint, he exclaimed:

"I say, landlord, will you be good enough to say what is that?"

"A bed of mint," said the somewhat astonished landlord.

"And will you please tell me what is the use of it?"

"Well, don't exactly know, the other w—"

"Especially when one can have it all to himself," added the wife.

# THE COMMONWEALTH.

FRANKFORT.

THOMAS M. GREEN, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1858.

AUGUST ELECTION, 1858.

FOR CLERK OF THE COURT OF APPEALS,  
HON. GEORGE R. MCKEE,  
OF PULASKI COUNTY.

## COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

FOR SHERIFF,  
HARRY I. TODD.

FOR COUNTY COURT JUDGE,  
JOHN M. HARLAN.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK,  
ALEXANDER H. RENNICK.

FOR JAILER,  
HARRY R. MILLER.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY,  
JAMES MONROE.

FOR CORONER,  
JOHN R. GRAHAM.

FOR ASSESSOR,  
WILLIAM F. PARRENT.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,  
WILLIAM E. ARNOLD.

The Washington Union devotes nearly a column of leading editorial to a review of the speech of Hon. Humphrey Marshall at the great meeting of working men in Philadelphia. The main point of the Administration's organ is to deny that the President recommended the passage of a Bankrupt law, applicable to railroad corporations as well as to the State Banks, and thereupon to charge Mr. Marshall with injustice to Mr. Buchanan, for the reason that the President had not given the expression of his approbation to the proposition.

The Union is literally correct in its assertion, as we discover "by turning over the leaves of the message," but Mr. Marshall was substantially correct also; for in his speech referring to this policy, he said: "But this popular instinct or intelligence, if you please, which led to such emphatic repudiation of the policy of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Cobb—for the financial genius of the latter first offered it for acceptance, I believe—should not prevent you from an examination of the policy proposed by the Administration in this regard." The policy is here spoken of as originating with Mr. Cobb, the Secretary of the Treasury, but being presented in the annual report of that officer, it is very properly also treated as a recommendation of the Administration. The recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury is in unmistakable language, thus:

"The two cases which it is now proposed to bring under the operation of a compulsory bankrupt law are Banks and railroad corporations. The immense capital employed by these companies, their controlling power and influence in the commercial and business operations of the country, their disposition to expand and enlarge their credit, and the serious effects produced by operations when carried beyond legitimate bounds, impose upon the government the duty of providing by every constitutional means in our power for the safe, proper and legitimate conduct of such corporations. The facts which are presented in other portions of this report, developing the condition of these two classes of corporations, will fully justify the policy now recommended."

It will be remembered by all who witnessed the proceedings of the Kentucky Legislature last winter that the Democrats of that body not only took the view that this recommendation was from the Administration, but actually endorsed it as sound in doctrine and were ready to swear by it as a dogma of the national Democratic faith.

To such this characteristic repudiation of Mr. Cobb's formal financial policy by the Administration of which he is the most prominent and distinguished member must appear marvellous. It is not strange to us after a perusal of Mr. Marshall's review of the effect which would flow from the adoption of the measure recommended by the Secretary and formally communicated to Congress. But we imagine that Mr. Cobb will feel more curious than Mr. Marshall to pursue the discourse of the Union and to ascertain the meaning of the explicit denial of the principles which he so conspicuously presented in his first annual report.

LECTURES.—Mr. A. D. Madcira, of Covington, will, in a few days, deliver in Frankfort a series of lectures, which have met the approval and been greeted by the applause of his audiences wherever he has been. Mr. Madcira has been highly complimented by the public press, and from our acquaintance with his ability as an elocutionist and as a scholar, we are confident his efforts will give universal satisfaction.

For the Commonwealth.—At an early hour on Monday (5th), according to previous arrangements, the three Sabbath Schools, Christian, Methodist and Baptist, started for Dr. Stealey's beautiful grounds, which had been kindly tendered and accepted, for the purpose of celebrating the great Anniversary commemoration of our national existence; of course there was a goodly attendance.

The exercises were opened and concluded with prayer, the Declaration of Independence was read and an address delivered, when the merry laugh and sportive glee took the place of the more solemn services, which unceasingly continued until a late hour in the afternoon, when all retired fully satisfied of having performed their duty to the revered ashes of their fathers.

This communication would fail its purpose were we not to return the united thanks of all to Dr. Stealey, who in that liberal spirit so characteristic of him, threw open his grounds for the reception of all; and also to Messrs. Link, Graham, and Johnson, who, in the same spirit, gratuitously furnished the vehicles for the transportation of all.

M.

It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for a hole; it is equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

## Tired of it.

Several of the leading presses, North and South, are getting more and more tired of radicalism.

The New Orleans Bee, and the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, have had articles of value upon this subject. We quote from the Bee.

"The tendency for many years in this country has been to render the Government more and more essentially Democratic. We use the word in its rigorous and primitive sense. Popular suffrage from being restricted, has grown to be universal. Not alone is it an accompaniment of citizenship, but in some States it is bestowed on those who have never abjured their allegiance to the country of their birth. The term of residence as a qualification for suffrage has been gradually abridged. In no State does it exceed one year, in several it is limited to three months. With this extraordinary expansion of suffrage, every restriction in the shape of property qualification or the payment of taxes has been swept away, and the conditions now required for the exercise of the elective franchise in most of the States is simply a term of residence and citizenship. As might have been anticipated the application of the elective principle has proceeded *parva passa* with the extension of the suffrage. Every officer, from the highest to the lowest, executive, legislative and judicial—is made dependent on the will of the body politic.

"In the eagerness of lawgivers to court the favor of the masses, by enlarging popular prerogatives, there has been a species of competition amongst the States which should repudiate most speedily and most completely the principle of a representative Republic, and substitute in its stead that of a pure Democracy. While thus sapping, one by one, many of the safeguards of law-regulated freedom, the evil consequences which were certain to follow, have been overlooked in the fond anticipation that the virtue and integrity of the people would prove equal to the new responsibilities with which they were invested. Recent events, however, begin to impair the convictions even of the most sanguine advocates of Democracy. Theoretically, the idea that in an enlightened and free community the people may be safely made the direct repository of all power, is certainly fascinating and specious.

"Practically, however, it does not seem to work well, or to answer general expectations. The abuses and errors which flow from it are less manifest in the rural than in the urban population. The former are usually fixed to the soil, trained to habits of reverence and obedience to law, less violently agitated by the spirit of partisanship, and suffering less from the alloy of unworthy and turbulent elements. Cities are composed of different materials. In the latter there are thousands of men enjoying the right of suffrage who rarely, if ever, use it with discrimination; who are the infatuated zealots of party, who are bad citizens, reckless of the restraints of law, and indifferent to the perpetration of crime. These are the men who usually control our elections. They hold at least the balance of power, if not more, and very frequently achieve deplorable triumphs over the moderation, the good sense, the sobriety, and the intelligence of the rest of the community.

Commenting upon all this, the Phila. "Gazette" very justly says:

"There are no positions taken which are not evident to all. The case is simply stated, and the writer draws his conclusions clearly. He falls into the common error, however, in arguing upon this subject, viz: to propose an abridgement of the suffrage, which in the first case is impracticable, and in the second place would prove but a partial remedy for the evil. That the franchise ought to be more carefully guarded, we think, cannot be denied. The naturalization laws ought to be enforced in their spirit as well as in their letter. The payment of taxes in full every year should be required of every voter, and many other improvements put into practice. But were all this to be done, the main evil would still remain. That is incident to the frequency of our elections, and the multiplicity of offices to be filled. In a great city this renders all elections a partisan struggle. We think experience has proven the impolicy of electing judges of courts, district attorneys, prothonotaries and clerks, and magistrates; yet these are all thrown into the vortex of politics, and we have seen here a grave tribunal whose business it is to administer justice, distracted for many months by the unblushing misdeeds of parties occupying its offices, over whom it had no control, in consequence of their elective tenure. Our terms of office are too short."

DEATH OF MRS. GWIN.—We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Gwin, mother of the Hon. Wm. M. Gwin, Senator from California, which occurred on the 22d inst., at the residence of her son, A. M. Gwin, Esq., Brunswick Place, Mississippi. The deceased lady was 86 years of age.

AT a meeting of the "Rough & Ready Fire Company, No. 2," held on Friday, July 2nd, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months, viz:

W. CRAIK, President.  
H. STEARNS, Vice President.  
J. BYRON MONTGOMERY, Secretary.  
W. B. HOLMAN, Treasurer.  
F. C. SMITH, Chief Director.  
C. A. MERCHANT, Asst., Chief Director.  
JNO. O'CONNELL, Hose Director.  
R. B. JOHNSTON, Assistant Hose Director.  
MARTIN FAHY, Engine Director.  
A. KAHL, Pipe Director.  
JNO. T. HENDERSON, Asst., Pipe Director.

NATIONAL DEBT.—On the first of July the debt of the United States amounted to about \$65,000,000, including the loan of \$20,000,000 recently authorized by Congress. Taking into consideration the present state of the treasury, and the probable extent of receipts during the ensuing year, it is improbable that any payments will be made until after the next fiscal year, ending July, 1859. In the meantime, however, the peaceful termination of the Mormon embroilment, and the probable amicable adjustment of the difficulties with England, will save the country a very large expenditure, the necessity of which was apprehended until near the close of the recent session of Congress.—*Wash. Star.*

NEGRO FUNERAL.—The funeral procession of a negro preacher named Nelson Bibb, alias Nelson Nichols, passed through Court Square, yesterday afternoon, on its way to the grave-yard. It was a sight which sincere Abolitionists might have seen to their great edification. Not less than 1000 well dressed negroes followed the hearse, most of them on foot, though the array of vehicles was very respectable in point of numbers and the style of the turn out. We suppose there were thirty carriages of all descriptions in the procession—*Montgomery Mail.*

COURT OF APPEALS.

MONDAY, July 5, 1858.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Buck v Rogers' adm'r, Jefferson; affirmed.

Butes v Todd, Pulaski; reversed.

Lammie v Hume, Bourbon; reversed.

Berryman v Graves, Louisville; affirmed.

Buchanan v Pope, Bourbon; reversed.

Craycraft v Blanks, Bourbon; appeal dismissed.

ORDERS.

Gay v Robb, (2 cases), Lou. Ch'y;

Philipps v Thornberry, Lou. Ch'y—were argued.

TUESDAY, July 6, 1858.

CAUSES DECIDED.

Randall v Pearl, Garrard; affirmed.

Coleman v Cartwright, Clarke; affirmed.

Moseley v Mosely, Mercer; affirmed.

Gay v Robb, Lou. Ch'y; affirmed.

Same v Same, Lou. Ch'y; affirmed.

Philipps v Thornberry, Lou. Ch'y; affirmed.

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Harris v Stewart, Lou. Ch'y;

Noll v Bigle, Lou. Ch'y;

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